

5.30 a.m.

Dec. 3rd 1908.

My Precious Darling:-

I have just
awoke from a dream, and I want
to write this little note, first to
beg you not to go to Chicago be-
fore you come to Callaway.

I have planned how we will spend
the day, and am sure your visit
will be more pleasant than it was
before.

There is always thousands of
things I leave unsaid, that I really
wish to say when I'm down. For
I have to keep my-self in that
"ice box", so, I can't be natural in talk-
ing to my dearest. It seems as
though I was talking to some one
else that the one who my life belongs

To,
You can never know my feelings
Saturdays for do you know, it always
hunts me, when I can't have one seconds
chance to be my real self when I'm with
my own Dearest.

Can not say just how many times
I've read my last two "love letters". Oh, if
we did not have the mails, we couldn't
see anythings of each other, unless a
change.

I hear mama and papa ~~staying~~ move around
so just I'd better close and get to
work.

Don't forget me, and come to see me
this week.

Over yours -
Lillian.

^{P.S.}
I will be happy, if you grant my
request. for I have something for you
that I believe you would like to have. 200

10-2-20

The mail has just brought
me your welcome note. Dearest
I love you all the time, any-
way, but notes and letters do not
make me love you less.

Many thanks for the letters
I left on the table too.

As you see I spent all day
in Millville yesterday and that
is the reason I did not write
you as I promised.

As ever